Then tell me what doth he vpon the ſea?
Dar. Vnleſſe for that my Liege, I cannot gueſſe.
King. Vnleſſe for that, he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot gueſſe wherefore the Welchman comes,
Thou wilt reuolt, and flie to him I feare.
Dar. No mightie liege, therefore miſtruſt me not.
King. Where is thy power then to beat him backe?
Where are thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Weſterne ſhore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their ſhips.
Dar. No my good Lord, my friends are in the North.
King. Cold friends to *Richard*, what do they in the North?
When they ſhould ſerue their ſoueraigne in the Weſt.
Dar. They haue not been commanded mightie ſoueraign,
Pleaſe it your Maieſtie to giue me leaue,
Ile muſter vp my friends and meet your Grace,
Where and what time your Maieſtie ſhall pleaſe?
King. I, I, thou would'ſt begone to ioyne with *Richmond*,
I will not truſt you ſir.
Dar. Moſt mightie ſoueraigne,
You haue no cauſe to hold my friendſhip doubtfull,
I neuer was nor neuer will be falſe.
King. Well, go muſter men; but heare you, leaue behind
Your ſon *George Stanley*, looke your faith be firme:
Or elſe, his heads aſſurance is but fraile.
Dar. So deale with him, as I proue true to you. *Exit.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Gratious ſoueraigne, now in *Deuonſhire*,
As I by friends am well aduertiſed,
Sir *William Courtney*, and the haughtie Prelate,
Biſhop of *Exeter*, his brother there,
With many moe confederates, are in armes.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. My liege, in *Kent* the *Guilfords* are in armes,
And euery houre more competitors.
Flocke to their aide, and ſtill their power encreaſeth.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, the armie of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

He ſtriketh him.

King.

King. Out on ye Owles, nothing
Take that vntill you bring me bett
Meſ. Your Grace miſtakes, the
My newes is, that by ſudden flood
The Duke of *Buckinghams* armie is
And he himſelfe fled no man know
King. O I cry you mercie, I did
Ratcliffe reward him for the blow I
Hath any well aduiſed friend giuen
Rewards for him that brings in *Buc*
Meſ. Such proclamation hath be

Enter another Meſſe

Meſ. Sir *Thomas Louell*, and Lor
Tis ſaid my Liege are vp in armes.
Yet this good comfort bring I to y
The Brittaine Nauie is diſperſt, *Ric*
Sent out a boat to aske them on th
If they were his aſſiſtants yea, or n
Who anſwered him they came fro
Vpon his partie: he miſtruſting th
Hoiſt ſaile, and made away for Britt
King. March on, march on, ſince
Not to fight with forraigne enem
Yet to beat downe theſe rebels here

Enter Catesbie.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of *Buc*
Thats the beſt newes, that the Earl
Is with a mightie power landed at
Is colder newes, yet they muſt be t
King. Away towards *Salisbury*, wh
A royall battell might be wonne a
Some one take order *Buckingham* b
To *Salisbury*, the reſt march on wi

Enter Darby, Sir Chriſto

Dar. Sir *Criſtopher*, tell *Richmon*
That in the ſtie of this moſt bloudi
My ſon *George Stanley* is franckt v
If I reuoult, off goes yong *Georges*
The feare of that, with-holds my p

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G